

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

From the Massachusetts Floughman.

THE OLD POD-AUGER DAYS.

BY JOSIAH D. CANNING.

I saw an aged man at work—
He turned an auger round;
And ever and anon he'd pause,
And meditate profound.

Good morning, friend, quoth I to him—
Art thinking when to raise?

Oh, no! said he, I'm thinking on
The old pod-auger days."

True, by the hardest then we wrought,
With little extra cost;

But hours were the things we bought,

And hours those we sowed.

But now invention abounds,

Desperation dogs her ways!

Things different are from what they were
In old "pod-auger days."

Then honest was the fare we had,

And honest what we wore;

Then scarce a niggard pulled the string

Inside the coat or vest;

Then humbugs didn't fly so thick

As half the world to have;

That sort of bug was scarcely known

In old "pod-auger days."

Then men were strong, and woman fair,

Was heavy as the doe;

Then few so drearful "feebles" were,

They couldn't stand their own feet;

Then girls could sing, and they could work,

And think and grumble less;

That sort of music took the palm

In old "pod-auger days."

Then men were patriots—rare, indeed,

An Armid or a Bunker.

They loved their country, and it turn

Was loved and loved by her.

The Franklin, Sherman, Rittenhouse

Entered with their nation's praise;

We've not the Congress that we had

In old "pod-auger days."

Then, slow and certain was the word;

Now, did it hitndmost the best;

Then, layed, rattled down the best;

Now, layed, rattled down the snake;

The master-during villain soon

Were druk in heaven bays;

We didn't murder in our sleep;

In old "pod-auger days."

So wags the world—"tis well enough,

If wisdom went by steam;

But in my day she used to drive

A plain, old, homely team;

And Justice with her language off;

Carries her choices in ways;

She used to sit blind-fold and stern

In old "pod-auger days."

The Story-Celler.

From the Hartford Daily Times.

COMPANY EVERY DAY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"There is no place like home," said the song; but what say our youths and maidens?

The family of Mr. Elton, with the exception of the eldest son, were assembled, one cold winter's evening, in what was styled by the household the little back chamber. They called it little, not only because its dimensions fairly entitled it to that adjective, but also to distinguish it from the back chamber of the main house.

The little one was in an ell directly over the kitchen, and originally designed, one might suppose, to serve in the capacity of a safety-valve for it, as, when the steam, smoke, odor, or heat, (which last, though, was not often the case,) became disagreeable to the "hired help," she had only to open the back stair door and the lower room was speedily relieved of its moisture, musture, vapor, smell, or caloric, as the case might be.

This little back room, which, by the way, had been the cause of considerable contention during the three years Mr. Elton had occupied the house, was of an indefinable shape. It was neither square or round, yet it had both straight lines and curves. The ceiling was low, and, in consequence of the culinary clouds which swept so often across it, of an iron-gray hue; while the walls, which in common parlance were "white-washed yaller," had from the same cause assumed a shade similar to that which distinguishes an old rind.

The furniture was very simple, nothing but what seemed actually necessary finding a place there. The floor, or middle portion of it rather, was covered with a rag carpet, in which one might see, not only every color, but every shade of color under the sun; while the knobs and corners were pieced out with bits of oil-cloth, green bâche, and worn-out drapery. An old-fashioned turn-up bedstead occupied one corner, concealed by curtains made from old calico dresses, and like delicate drapery the two windows.

A three-legged stand, which had been the crowning ornament of Mrs. Elton's grandmother's square room; five chairs, no two of which were alike, and all antiquated and tottering as to lead one to suspect they came out of the Mayflower, if not out of the Ark; a dumb stove, and a couple of wooden stools, comprised the inventory.

Everything was scrupulously neat, except the ceiling and walls; everything was in perfect order, and yet the room wore anything but an inviting look, and produced any other than a pleasant sensation upon entering it. One felt, when seated there, that he had a roof to shelter him; but as to further sense of comfort, there was none. Yet this room—the little, low, ugly, chilling, grease-smeared furniture—was, during the day and evening, used as parlor and sitting-room by all the members of Mr. Elton's family, and in the night as a sleeping-room for the two daughters.

Why think you? Because it was the poorest, meanest apartment in the whole house, and it saved labor, time, light, fuel, wear and tear, and et cetera innumerable, to occupy it as they did. And, moreover—and this was the climax of all the reasons, and had been advanced time and again by Mrs. Elton—it kept the front room, and in the night as a sleeping-room for the two daughters.

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